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Tales and Miscellaneous.

From Belli's "Observations on Italy."

FLORENCE, BY MOONLIGHT.

A river, even in a city that has no trade, still presents a busy and an animating scene. In Florence, the Arno, with its numerous bridges, offers all that is most gay and attractive in the city. Its waters, radiant and sparkling in the mid-day sun, add life to the whole prospect; and when the heat is spent, and night closes in, the landscape assumes a mellow hue, the starry, cloudless sky, and clear pale moon, shining, as it does in these southern climates, with the splendor but of a lessened day. The sensations produced from the continued return, on each succeeding morning, of unchanging lovely weather, is peculiarly striking to those who have been accustomed to the turbulence of a northern sky. You lie down and rise to the same glorious light, and meet again, as evening comes, the same soothing feelings.

A traveller thinks that he has seen a city when he has rolled through her streets, and looked upon her fine edifices and noble palaces. And yet, I would not give one solitary midnight hour in Florence, in which I can wander through her deserted streets, see the long perspective, and wonder, at each angle, how the narrow arches, and opposing buttresses, are to open up into other succeeding lines, for whole weeks of idle sights.

My first impressions of Florence have all been by moonlight, in solitary evening walks. The heats of the day are excessive, and as there is no twilight, it is in the serene and silent midnight hour, that you love to wander forth, and inhale the cool breeze and freshened air—How beautiful it is to gaze on the splendor of the moonbeams, reflected on the Arno, showing its bridges in grand perspective, the city, and its huge masses of ancient buildings, lying in deep shadow before you, the rays hardly reaching to the centre of the narrow streets, while they glitter on the tops of towers and buildings, whose projecting square roofs, almost touching each other, rear their ponderous bulk against the clear blue sky.

In such a night as this, (the calm night of a sultry day,) strolling forth, as was my custom, and passing through narrow alleys, I chanced to enter a market-place, chiefly resorted to, by the poorer inhabitants of the city.

It was crowded with numbers of this class, who, with famished haste, seemed eager to buy their little stores of provisions, battling and bargaining with clamorous, but good-humored vociferation; all complaining loudly that the vendors demanded too much for their goods; but yet seasoning their reproaches with much drollery and repartee, which, in spite of the sorry, meagre, half-naked figures that were presented to the eye, gave a gaiety inconceivable to the whole scene. Among those composing the different groups, tall, finely formed women, with dishevelled hair, pale faces, and care-worn countenances, made a conspicuous part.—These, with the vendors of meat, their boys, dogs, and men, stalking with bare arms and grisly visages, filled up the picture; while dim and unfrequent lamps darkly showed all the dismalness of the place, and the wretchedness of the food they were purchasing.

Among the crowd I distinguished a woman, who, with her little daughter, sat apart, at a distance from the busy, boisterous crew, waiting while her husband bargained for what their necessities required. She seemed poor as the others; but she was beautiful, and presented one of those feeling-touching countenances, which the eye of a painter would have dwelt on with delight; one which Di Vinci might have followed, and such as Carlo Dolce would have copied for one of his Madonnas. The crowd began gradually to disperse, and I walked along to the more distant precincts, among public buildings, gloomy palaces, and dark walls.

Traversing the great centre of the city, along streets darkened from the height of the buildings, I passed along these immense edifices with strange feelings of solitude, as if in a dream; as if the gay and peopled world had vanished, and these gloomy mementos of the past alone remained. It was night, and in this distant spot, not a soul was stirring, not a foot was heard; when, on crossing a narrow alley, the prospect suddenly opened, and the slanting rays of the full moon, falling with a softened light among the magnificent monuments of ancient times, displayed a splendid scene.

At that moment, the tower bell of the prison struck loud and long, tolling with a slow and swinging motion, seeming, from the effect of reverberation, to cover and fill the whole city; even in day, this bell is distinguished from any I ever heard; but in the dead silence of the night, it sounded full and solemn. Impressed by the feelings excited by the grandeur of the scene, I still prolonged my walk, and insensibly

wandered on. The silence of night was unbroken, save by an occasional distant sound, arising from the busiest quarter of the city, or from time to time, by the song of the nightingale, which reached me from the rich and beautiful gardens that skirt the walls of Florence, recalling to my mind, the voice of that sweet bird, as I heard it, when detained in the narrow valley of the gloomy Arco. I remember how its little song thrilled through the long melancholy of the night, a lengthened oft-repeated note, which still came floating on the air, like a light sleep. Involved in these musings of lulled and idle thought, I suddenly beheld in the distance, issuing from the portals of a large edifice, forms invested in black, bearing torches, which, casting a deepened shadow around, rendered their dark figures only dimly visible. Still increasing in numbers, as they emerged from the building, they advanced with almost inaudible steps; gliding along with slow and equal pace, like beings of another world, and recalling to mind all that we had heard or read of Italy, in the dark ages of mystery and superstition. As they approached, low and lengthened tones fell upon the ear; when the mournful chanting of the service of the dead, told their melancholy and sacred office. The flame of the torches, scarcely fanned by the still air, flung a steady light on the bier which they bore, gleaming with partial glare on the glittering ornaments, that, according to the manner of this country, covered the pall.

I looked with a long fixed gaze on the solemn scene, till, passing on in the distance, it disappeared, leaving a stream of light, which, lost by degrees in the darkness of night, seemed like a vision. The images presented to the mind, had in them a grand and impressive simplicity, a mild and melancholy repose, which assimilated well with the hopes of a better world. It seemed like a dream, yet was the impression indelible.

In this procession, I recognized the sacred office of the Brothers of Misericordia, one of the earliest institutions of priestly charity; and perhaps the only national trait of ancient Florence which now remains. The principles of this order, are founded on the basis of universal benevolence.—A pure and primitive simplicity marks every feature and act of this fraternity, who, in silence and in solitude, fulfil their sacred and unostentatious offices. The gloom with which their solemn duties invest them, receives new and mournful impressions, from the tradition which connects its origin with the history of the great plague in 1348, celebrated by Boccaccio in his Decameron. They relate that many portentous omens predicted this awful visitation. A dead crow fell from the air, and three boys, at whose feet it had dropped, tossed it towards each other in play. These three boys died, and soon after the plague broke out, and in its fearful ravages desolated the city. During its continuance, a few individuals, firm in purpose and strong in piety, self-devoted, attended on the sick and dying; and the survivors of these chosen few, afterwards taking the monastic habits and order of Brothers of Misericordia, vowed, for life, the performance of those services which in the hour of anguish and sorrow they had voluntarily fulfilled. Their small church, is situated close to the Duomo, the House of God; but all is sad and solemn, in the aspect of this institution. It was built shortly after the plague, and was raised on the margin of the gulf dug to receive the dead. A black dress, in which the brethren are attired from head to foot, entirely covers the person, and conceals the face. The brother, whether of noble or of lowly birth, is equally undistinguished and unknown, and their duties are performed, and charities dispensed, to the noble or the beggar, with the same indiscriminating ceremonies.

A few tapers on the altar, and at the shrine of the Virgin, burn night and day, throwing a dim and feeble light around. Six of the brethren watch continually; and medical aid is always in readiness. Divine worship is performed by them in the morning and in the evening, assisted by those individuals whom piety or sorrow may have brought to mingle with them. On the floor, are arranged biers, palls, torches, and dresses. The sick are taken to the hospitals, the dead are conveyed to their last home, and the unclaimed brought to their church on a bier, covered by a pall. They are summoned to their duties by the solemn tolling of their deep-toned bell, which, when heard in the dead and silent hour of the night, falls on the ear with dismal and appalling sound. Another office of the Brethren of the Misericordia is to visit the prisons, and prepare the condemned for death. Once a year, on Good-Friday, this duty is publicly performed.—Twelve brethren of the order, and twelve penitents, form the procession, bearing the head of St. John on a car, and the image of a dead Christ, covered with black crape. The procession is preceded by solemn music, and closed by a long train of priests, clothed in black.

In this institution, the numbers are unlimited, forming a widely extended circle, which may embrace members from every city, acknowledging the same faith, bound by one uniting, but secret and mysterious tie. They are not of necessity, individually known to each other, but can render themselves intelligible by certain signs and words, in any circumstances requiring communication. Their vow enjoins them to be ready, night or day, at the call of sudden calamity—to attend those overtaken by sickness, accident or assault. A certain number of them are, in rotation, employed in asking charity, a service which they are obliged to perform barefooted, and in a silent appeal; the rules strictly forbidding the use of speech, when engaged in any duty.—Their call is never left unanswered, every individual making an offering, were it only of the smallest copper piece, as it is money supposed to be lent to pray for departed souls.—This peculiar order, for there are others not greatly dissimilar, possesses a privilege of great magnitude, extended only once in every year, and to one single person. An individual of their body becoming amenable to the laws of his country, in virtue of this privilege, may claim exemption from the penalty, receiving his life at the prayer of his brethren.—This ceremony, when it occurs, is performed with every circumstance of pomp and solemnity. The order, habited in the dress of the ancient priests, carry branches of palm in token of peace, and, accompanied by all the imposing grandeur of the Church, present themselves in front of the palace of the Grand Duke, when the Sovereign Prince condescends to deliver the act of grace. They next proceed to the President of the Tribunal of Supreme Power. This officer, in person, leads the way, conducting them to the prison, into which they enter, and there receiving their liberated brother, they invest him in the dress of their order, and crowning him with laurel, conduct him home in triumph.

No fixed period is enjoined for the fulfilment of the vow taken by this order. Many in the highest sphere have sought expiation of sins, by assuming it for a longer or shorter time, proportioned to the measure of their crime, or to the sensitive state of their consciences. Princes, Cardinals, and even Popes, have been numbered among the penitents, and have joined in their vows and services.

While dwelling on the picture which this subject presents to the mind, it is impossible not to be struck with the scope given to human passions, in the belief inculcated of a remission of sins, obtained by a few expiatory observances.—It is evident that this reliance, instead of being a check to guilty wishes, facilitates their accomplishment. The desired object is first attained, and then penance or propitiation comes lagging after, as time or opportunity may suit. That a being should be driven by the anguish of a lacerated conscience to seek relief in the gloom and solitude of so severe an order as that of La Trappe and others, must ever appear at once touching and awful; but instances of this nature are rare, and when they do occur, the efficacy of such self-sacrifice must be measured by the degree of restored peace imparted to the wounded spirit. The belief, however, that a vow fulfilled, an ascetic discipline observed, during perhaps a period of short lived remorse, can expiate the commission of sin, is a dangerous doctrine.

In all foreign cities, from the most insignificant village to the greatest metropolis, we find the public walk considered as an object of primary importance; therefore, in describing points of beauty in Florence, the walk by which it is adorned, styled the Casino, or royal farm, being, perhaps, one of the finest in Europe, is well deserving of mention. It is situated just beyond the gates of the city; by its tall trees and varied pathways, offering a deep refreshing shade, and in its extent affording the opportunity of solitude, among rich foliage, even in the busy evening hour, when the assembled throng crowd its wide and splendid walks. In the centre of the Casino, among flowering shrubs and lofty trees, stands a royal rural palace, of simple, plain, but pretty architecture, where the dairy is kept, the vintage gathered, the wine (chief produce of the farm) made, and where also, from time to time, entertainments are given by the court. In the evening hour, these walks are the resort of the whole city; and on Sunday, or on "jours de fete," the scene is gay and rural. Every variety of equipage may be seen, from the suite of the Grand Duke, to the little two-wheeled calash; while the footpaths at each side of the road, under the shade of the trees, are filled with citizens, of every age and class, all well dressed, happy, and placid. A short period of rapid driving is generally succeeded by a universal pause; then the carriages and horsemen assemble in front of the royal building, when nods of recognition, salutations, and inquiries, pass from one party to another, forming a species of *conversazione*. One side of the Casino, is bounded by the Arno, which here

runs with a stronger current, enlivened by the frequent little trading vessels which pass to and from Leghorn; while, on the other, the hills surrounding the vale of Arno, rise in beautiful variety, crowned by the noble remains of Fiesole, the parent stock from which Florence sprung.

THE LETTRE-DE-CACHET.

BY J. S. KNOWLES.

"It must come down!" exclaimed Julian, "Frenchmen will no longer endure it. It is enough to have one's life and liberty at the disposal of bad laws, without holding them at the caprice of a nobleman or a king! What's a man's life worth, without security of person and property? I may possess health, I may possess honesty, I may be blessed with a wife and children, my affairs may thrive; I may have friends on every side of me; and yet, may end my days in a dungeon, if I happen to displease a man in power.—It must come down!"

"What must come down?" demanded Monsieur le Croix, suddenly entering the apartment; "what must come down?" repeated he, in a still more authoritative tone.

"The Bastille," replied Julian, calmly raising his eyes, which at first he had dropped, and fixing them steadily, but respectfully, upon his master. There was a pause.

"Julian," at length said Monsieur le Croix, "I have heard of this before. Do you know that you are talking treason?"

"Yes," replied Julian, rather doggedly; "but I also know that I am talking reason and justice."

"That is, as you conceive," rejoined Monsieur le Croix.—He took a turn or two across the apartment. "Julian," resumed he, you are a dissatisfied man, and there are too many such in France. You are a dangerous man, too; for you read, and talk of what you read, and unsettle the opinions of those who know less than you do: you are tainted with that feeling of jealousy and rancor, with which Frenchmen unhappily begin to regard the established and venerable institutions of their country. How came it, that you treated with insolence to-day, the valet of Monsieur le Comte de St. Ange?"

"Because he treated me with insolence," answered Julian—"he called to me to hold his horse while he alighted; as though I had been his master's groom!"

"Was it not rather because his master is a nobleman?" sternly interrogated Monsieur le Croix. "You have been insolent to the Count, too," resumed he.

"He threatened to apply his whip to my shoulders," said Julian, "and I told him that he had better reserve it for his horse."

"And had he put his threat into execution, what would you have done?"

Julian was silent.

"Answer me, sir," cried his master.

Julian folded his arms, and still made no reply.

"Am I to be answered?" coolly demanded Monsieur le Croix. "I see the future traitor in you, Julian," continued he; "this insubordination is only mischief in the bud. 'T will come to more; and to worse."

"May be," said Julian.

"I command you to answer me!" impatiently exclaimed the former. "What would you have done, had the Count struck you?"

"Struck him again!" indignantly vociferated Julian, "though my hand had been cut off the very next moment."

"So the Count thought," said Monsieur le Croix, resuming his coolness.

"I saw it," said Julian.

"How?" inquired his master.

"He changed color," said Julian, "and he changed his mind too, for he applied his whip to the shoulders of his valet instead of mine, and walked into the chateau."

"And you think the Count was afraid of you?" said Monsieur le Croix. "The Count afraid of you! Do you know the power of a Count?"

"I do," replied Julian, "and the character of the Count.—He is not fit to be admitted into an honest man's family."

"How?"

"He is the most dissolute young nobleman in Paris."

"Dare you say so?"

"He is a libertine, sir! I can prove it!—what, then, should prevent me from saying it?"

"Respect to me," said Monsieur le Croix. "Julian, you quit my service," added he.

"Very well."

"You quit it to-night!"

"Very well!"

"This hour!"

"This minute!" exclaimed Julian, walking coolly to the other side of the apartment, and taking his hat from a peg on which it had been hung: "Good bye, sir," said he—but he stopped as he was going out of the door, and turning, stood, and fixed his eyes full upon Monsieur le Croix: "I have been a faithful servant to you, sir," resumed Julian.

Monsieur le Croix made no reply.

"I always respected you."

Still Monsieur le Croix was silent.

"I always loved you."

Not a word from Monsieur le Croix.

"I always shall love you," cried Julian, and turned to go.

"Stay," said his master, "you have lived with me eight years. You have been a faithful servant to me—up to this moment. But you are a dangerous subject. You have begun to think for yourself—to question the rights of your betters—to make light of the distance which stands between them and you. Because a nobleman happens to lose his temper, you put yourself upon an equal footing with him—give him word for word, and would give him blow for blow, and in your master's house!"

Monsieur le Croix took a purse from his pocket; "I settled with you this morning," continued he, "and thought we had commenced another year. That's out of the question now. Here, Julian, there are eight louis d'ors in this purse, take them for your fidelity. Better to reward it now, and stop; than go on, and have reason to reproach it."

Julian mechanically took the purse, but still kept extended the hand which he had reached to receive it, looking his master all the while, in the face.

"You think, if I continued to serve you," said Julian, "that I might prove unfaithful to you?"

"Your principles are undermined in other matters," remarked Monsieur le Croix.

"And you think they could be undermined with respect to you?"

"When a part of a foundation gives way," observed Monsieur le Croix, "there is danger of the whole."

"And your confidence in my fidelity is shaken?"

"It is," said Monsieur le Croix.

Julian, whose color had been gradually mounting as he spoke, stood silent for half a minute, without once withdrawing his eyes, from his master's face. At length, he broke silence: "It is?" echoed he.

"It is," calmly repeated Monsieur le Croix.

"Then perish your gold!" exclaimed Julian, dashing the purse on the ground, and rushing from the apartment.

Monsieur le Croix was an advocate for the old regime.—He believed, that, like the sun, it fitted the world now, as well as in the beginning,—never taking into consideration the difference between the Creator of the one, and the framer of the other. He was, at the same time, a disinterested, conscientious, generous, and honorable man. He was handsome, too, and of a graceful, commanding figure, though now in his fiftieth year. He was married,—and, strange to say, the object of a still ardent and devoted attachment to a wife who was nearly twenty years younger than himself.—Women are capable of such love. He had entered his fortieth year when his Adelaide had completed her twenty-first. From particular causes, they were frequently thrown into each other's society, and the more intimate they became, the more coldly did Adelaide look upon many a youthful admirer, who was a suitor for her hand. This was attributed to absorption in the prosecution of various studies, to which Monsieur le Croix had directed her attention; until the increasing pensiveness of the fair one, too plainly indicated an occupation of the heart, far more active and intense than any of the mind could be. Monsieur le Croix was interested. He soon detected, within him, symptoms of the first genuine passion he had ever felt; but not before he was too much fascinated, to struggle successfully with wishes, which from excessive disparity of years, he at once concluded must be hopeless. Little did he dream of his good fortune: it came upon him like the arrival of a rich inheritance to one who had lived in penury, and always thought to die so. He entered his Adelaide's boudoir, one day, when she was so deeply absorbed that she did not perceive him. She was seated at a table, with her back towards him, and she held in her hand, something which she alternately gazed upon and pressed to her lips. Unconscious of the act of treachery which he was committing, he advanced on tip-toe, a step or two—"T was a miniature!—A step or two nearer—"T was his own!—He could not suppress his emotions, he clasped his hands in an ecstasy of transport. She started up; and turning, shrieked at beholding him.—He extended his arms, and she threw herself into them.—In a month, she became Madame le Croix. A son, their only issue, blessed their union. He was now nearly nine years old—a promising boy, whose sole instructors were, hitherto, his father and mother—as by preference, as well as full contentment in each other's society, they always resided in the country; receiving occasionally the visits of their Paris friends, among whom was reckoned Monsieur le Comte de St. Ange.

Monsieur le Croix felt too much discomposed to rejoin immediately his wife and the Count.—He turned into his study—"Julian is ruined!" exclaimed he to himself. "I am sorry for him, but there is no help for it. The moment one of his order begins to dispute, or even to examine the claims of those above him, to his respect, he is fit for nothing but mischief; and sooner or later, will think of nothing else. Not hesitate to strike the Count!"

"Papa!" cried little Eugene, running into the room, "you are wanted."

"Who wants me?" inquired Monsieur le Croix.

"My mother."

"Did she send you for me?"

"No."

"Why did you come then, and what do you mean?"

"She threatened the Count, to call you."

Monsieur le Croix started from the chair, into which, upon

entering the room, he had thrown himself, and stared upon his son.

"Threaten the Count!—Why, sir?" said Monsieur le Croix, lowering his voice.

"Indeed, I don't know," replied the child; "but the Count was whispering something to her, and she told him she would call for you; and, as I thought she looked angry, I came of my own accord to tell you."

"Remain here, sir," said Monsieur le Croix, and he left the study.—In the act of shutting the door of which, behind him, he heard a shriek, which was immediately followed by the opening of the drawing-room door. As he was rushing up stairs, he heard a scuffling in the room, and presently a noise, as of a person violently thrown to the ground. Frantic with conjecture, alarm, and indignation, he rushed in, his hand upon his sword. The Count was stretched upon the floor, Julian was standing over him, with rage and triumph painted in his looks; and on the chair reclined Madame le Croix, half swooning.

"Rise, villain, and defend yourself!" vociferated Monsieur le Croix; but the Count was either unable to rise, or pretended to be so. The room was presently filled with domestics; the Count's attendants among the rest, who obeying the signs of their lord, raised him, and conveyed him to his carriage.

"His life shall answer for it!" exclaimed Monsieur le Croix, pacing the room; after his wife, upon being left alone with him, had acquainted him with the insult which the Count had offered to her.

"He has been punished sufficiently," said Madame le Croix, "Thanks to the brave and faithful Julian."

"Where is Julian?" exclaimed her husband. The bell was rung and answered. Julian was on his way to Paris.—He had gone by the diligence, which, at this hour, every evening regularly, passed the gate of the chateau.

"A lovely sunset!" exclaimed Madame le Croix, sitting beside her husband, at a window which looked to the West, her head reclining upon his breast, and her little boy on the other side of him—"A lovely sunset!"

"Yes," replied he, "though its beauty is waning fast.—The moon, however, will soon be up. Come, throw on your shawl, and let us take a stroll in the grounds." Madame le Croix caught her husband's hand as she rose, and looked up anxiously in his face.

"You are afraid of the stranger, whom, for the last three nights, they have observed about the grounds," said Monsieur le Croix. "What harm have we to apprehend from him?"

"What brings him here, and at night?"

"What mischief can he do, and alone?"

"He may have associates, who are at hand," said Madame le Croix, after a pause. "Did you not part in anger with Julian?" added she.

"Do you think, 'tis Julian?" asked Monsieur le Croix.

"Julian could not meditate any injury to us," said Madame le Croix, musing.

"Do you think it is he?" repeated her husband more earnestly.

"Would you be uneasy if it was?" inquired his wife. "I should almost think so, from the tone in which you speak."

"He has taken up with companions, I fear," said Monsieur le Croix, "who are not very scrupulous in the respect which they pay to the laws—some of those vile bands of Republicans who have given rise to the recent ferment in Paris, and caused so much alarm to the Court.—Do you think it is he?"

"Jacqueline thinks so," replied Madame, in a whisper.—At that moment, a heavy and hurried step was heard in the passage, the door was burst open, and Julian stood before them! Madame le Croix shrieked, her husband half drew his sword, and the little Eugene instinctively clasped Julian round the knees. The man had been always particularly fond of the boy.

"Conceal yourself sir," cried Julian, "they are here!"

"Conceal myself from the banditti of Paris?" ejaculated Le Croix; "I'll perish first!"

"From the executioners of the Bastille!" rejoined Julian.

"What!" exclaimed Le Croix.—Several steps were heard ascending the staircase.

"They are here!" cried Julian despondingly; "for these three nights I have been expecting them, and hoped to have time to give you warning, but they have taken me by surprise; and you are lost!"

The door, which Julian had shut after him, was rudely opened, and a band of armed men entered the apartment.—Madame le Croix threw her arms about her husband, while the little boy, quitting Julian, ran back to his father, and caught him by the hand.

"Your business!" haughtily demanded Le Croix.

"Your company," replied the leader, whose sword was drawn.

"Your authority?"

"A Lettre-de-Cachet!"

Imagine the conclusion of the scene.—That night, Monsieur le Croix slept in the Bastille.

Monsieur le Croix stood at the gate of his chateau. How

he had regained his liberty, he knew not, neither was he aware of the means by which he found himself there. He entered his grounds, with a feeling of doubt that he was walking in them; and short as was the distance from the gate to the door of his mansion, he felt as if he should never traverse it. At length, he arrived at the well known portal; and it opened to him, but there was a strangeness in the countenance of the person who answered his summons, and let him in. He ascended the staircase, apprehending at every step that it would vanish from under him! On the landing-place he saw Eugene, but scarcely did his eyes light upon him, ere the boy was gone! He opened the door of his drawing room with an indescribable sense of incertitude and alarm. His wife and the Count were there! They did not seem to perceive him; but to be wholly occupied with one another—how the heart of the husband beat! They spoke, but their words he heard not; he only saw what their looks discoursed.—It was pleasure. The next moment swords were drawn, and he and the Count were engaged in mortal combat; but his thrusts were feeble and fell short; or, if they reached his adversary, seemed to make no impression upon him. At last, he closed with the Count—they struggled—Le Croix was thrown by his more youthful and powerful antagonist, whose sword was now pointed at the prostrate husband's throat.—"T was a dream!—Monsieur le Croix lay stretched and awake upon his pallet in the Bastille.

He fancied it was morning—Not a blink of day was admitted, to announce to him, the coming or the going of the sun. He rose, and after taking a turn or two in his dungeon—with the dimensions of which, an acquaintance of now three weeks had made him familiar—he sat down upon the side of the bed, his frame still vibrating with the effects of the dream. He could have wept, was it not for the presence of his own dignity. He started at the call of a sensation which warned him that the hour of his morning repast had gone by. He listened—not the whisper of a footstep! "To be starved to death in prison! Such a thing had occurred, and might occur again! Heaven! for an innocent man to be placed, by arbitrary power, in a predicament which excites compassion for the most guilty one!" He paced his dungeon again. "What was intended?"—He leaned against the wall; at the damp and chill of which he shivered, as they struck to his heart. He listened again,—did he not hear something?—No!" He resumed his walk. "His wife and child unprotected!—ignorant whether he was alive or dead! a kingdom upon the verge of a convulsion! A people broke loose and wild! Rapine! Murder!—Houses in flames!—All the combustion and havoc of a civil war!"—He threw himself upon his pallet. "Well! he was entombed in the Bastille. The moral earthquake might shake the foundations of his prison, and throw down its walls, and set him free!" The walls—the very earth on which he stood—began to shake! He sprang upon his feet. "Was it thunder that he heard above him? or the play of cannon?" He could almost hear his heart throb! Shock now followed shock incessantly, and with increasing violence. "Was the Bastille beset?—It was!" He thought he could catch the sound of human tumult! He threw himself upon his knees in supplication, imploring Heaven to strengthen the hands of the assailants! He could now distinctly, though faintly hear the shouts of an immense multitude of people—and presently, all was comparatively still. "The Bastille has surrendered," exclaimed Monsieur le Croix, "or the military have overpowered the people!" He heard the sound of bolts withdrawing, and doors flung violently open—presently, of voices, numerous, loud, and confused, as of men in high excitement. He clasped his hands convulsively, he stirred not, he scarcely breathed! Footsteps were rapidly approaching, traversing the intricate passages of the under-ground portion of the prison. A ray of light shot through the keyhole of his dungeon door. "Merciful Providence!" The broadest, brightest sunbeam he had ever gazed upon, had not a thousandth part the glory of that little ray. The bolts flew!—the lock!—the hand of liberty swung, light as a feather, the massive door back upon its hinges. The vision of Monsieur le Croix was drowned in a flood of light from the torches of his liberators. He could scarcely distinguish the figure of Julian, who, rushing forward, and clasping his almost insensible master in his arms, exclaimed, or rather shrieked,—

"T is down!—The Bastille is down!"

From Gillies' "History of Ancient Greece."

THE OLYMPIC GAMES.

It was held an ancient and sacred custom in the heroic ages, to celebrate the funerals of illustrious men, by such shows and ceremonies as seemed most pleasing to their shades. The tombs, around which the melancholy manes were supposed to hover; naturally became the scene of such solemnities. There, the fleeting ghosts of departed heroes were entertained and honored by exhibitions of strength and address; while the gods, though inhabiting the broad expanse of heaven, were yet peculiarly worshipped, by prayers and sacrifices, in the several places, which sometimes the wildness, and sometimes the elegance of fancy, had assigned for their favorite, though temporary residence on earth. The lofty chain of Olympus, separating the barbarous kingdom of Macedon from the fertile plains of Thessaly, is distinguished

by several circumstances, which seemed justly to entitle it to that honor. This long and lofty ridge ascends above the regions of storms and tempests. Its winding sides are diversified by woods, and intersected by torrents. Its fantastic tops, towering above the clouds, reflect, during the day, the rays of the sun, and sometimes brighten the gloom of night with the lambent splendors of the Aurora Borealis.—This extraordinary mountain began naturally to be regarded as the principal terrestrial habitations of the gods; along the recesses of Olympus, each divinity had his appropriate palace; on its highest summit, Jupiter often assembled the heavenly council; and from thence, veiled in a white gleam, the protectors of mankind descended, and were visibly manifested to mortal eyes.

While Olympus was considered as the general rendezvous of these fanciful beings, it was natural to imagine that the partiality of particular divinities might select other favorite sites on earth, for their separate abode. The singular aspect of Delphi, or Pytho, which recommended it as the seat of the oracle of Apollo, and afterwards of the Pythian games, has already been described. The Corinthian territory was particularly consecrated to Neptune; for where could the god of the sea be more properly worshipped, than on a narrow isthmus, whose shores were adorned by grateful monuments of delivered mariners, and which had continued, from early times, the principal centre of Grecian navigation?

A tradition prevailed, that even before the Dorian Conquest, the fruitful and picturesque banks of the Alpheus, in the province of Elis, or Eleia, had been consecrated to Jupiter. It is certain that athletic sports, similar to those described by Homer at the funeral of Patroclus, had been on many occasions exhibited in Elis, by assembled chiefs, with more than ordinary solemnity. The Dorian conquerors are said to have renewed the consecration of that delightful province. But the wars which early prevailed between them and the Athenians, and the jealousies and hostilities which afterwards broke out among themselves, totally interrupted the religious ceremonies and exhibitions with which they had been accustomed to honor their common gods and heroes. Amidst the calamities which afflicted or threatened the Peloponnesus, Iphitus, a descendant of Oxyllus, to whom the province of Eleia, had fallen in the general partition of the Peninsula, applied to the Delphic oracle. The priests of Apollo, ever disposed to favor the views of kings and legislators, answered agreeably to his wish, that the festivals anciently celebrated at Olympia, on the Alpheus, must be renewed, and an armistice proclaimed for such States as were willing to partake of them, and desirous to avert the vengeance of Heaven. Fortified by this authority, and assisted by the advice of Lycurgus, Iphitus took measures, not only for restoring the Olympic solemnity, but for rendering it perpetual. The injunction of the oracle was speedily diffused through the remotest parts of Greece, by the numerous votaries who frequented the sacred shrine. The armistice was proclaimed in Peloponnesus, and preparations were made in Eleia, for exhibiting shows and performing sacrifices. In the heroic ages, feats of bodily strength and address were destined to the honor of deceased warriors; hymns and sacrifices were reserved for the gods. But the flexible texture of Grecian superstition, easily confounded the expressions of respectful gratitude and pious veneration, and enabled Iphitus to unite both in his new institution.

The festival, which lasted five days, began and ended with a sacrifice to Olympian Jove. The intermediate time was chiefly filled up by the gymnastic exercises, in which all freemen of Grecian extraction were invited to contend, provided they had been born in lawful wedlock, and had lived untainted by any infamous, immoral stain. The preparation for this part of the entertainment, was made in the gymnasium of Elis, a spacious edifice, surrounded by a double range of pillars, with an open area in the middle. Adjoining, were various apartments, containing baths, and other conveniences for the combatants. The neighboring country was gradually adorned with porticos, shady walks and groves, interspersed with seats and benches; the whole originally destined to relieve the fatigues and anxiety of the candidates for Olympic fame; and frequented, in latter times, by sophists and philosophers, who were fond to contemplate wisdom, and communicate knowledge in those delightful retreats. The order of the athletic exercises or combats, was established by Lycurgus, and corresponded almost exactly to that described by Homer, in the twenty-third book of the Iliad, and eighth of the Odyssey. Iphitus, we are told, appointed the other ceremonies and entertainments; settled the regular return of the festival at the end of every fourth year, in the month of July; and gave to the whole solemnity, that form and arrangement, which it preserved with little variation, above a thousand years; a period exceeding the duration of the most famous kingdoms and republics of antiquity.

Such is the account of Grecian writers, who, doubtless, have ascribed to positive institution, inventions and usages naturally resulting from the progressive manners of society. When we come to examine the Elia Games in their more improved state, together with the innumerable imitations of them in other provinces of Greece, there will occur reasons for believing, that many regulations referred, by an easy solution, to the legislative wisdom of Iphitus or Lycurgus, were introduced by time or accident, continued through custom, improved by repeated trials, and confirmed

by a sense of their utility. Yet such an institution as the Olympiad, even in its least perfect form, must have been attended with manifold advantages to society. It is sufficient barely to mention the suspension of hostilities which took place, not only during the celebration of the festival, but a considerable time, both before and after it. Considered as a religious ceremony, at which the whole Grecian name were invited, and even enjoined, to assist, it was well adapted to facilitate intercourse, to promote knowledge, to soften prejudice, and to hasten the progress of civilization and humanity. Greece, and particularly Peloponnesus, was the centre from which the adventurous spirit of its inhabitants had diffused innumerable colonies through the surrounding nations. To these widely separated communities, which, notwithstanding their common origin, seem to have lost all connexion and correspondence, the Olympiad served as a common bond of alliance, and point of reunion. The celebrity of this festival continually attracted to it the characters most distinguished for genius and enterprise, whose fame would have otherwise been unknown, and lost in the boundless extent of Grecian territory. The remote inhabitants, not only of European Greece, but of Asia and Africa, being assembled to the worship of common gods, were formed to the sense of a general interest, and excited to the pursuit of national honor and prosperity. Strangers of similar dispositions, might confirm in Elis, the sacred and indissoluble ties of hospitality. If their communities were endangered by any barbarous power, they might there solicit assistance from their Grecian brethren. On other occasions, they might explain the benefits, which, in peace or war, their respective countries were best qualified to communicate; and the Olympic festival might thus serve as a centre of communication and source of intelligence, and in some measure, supply the defect of posts, gazettes, resident ambassadors, and similar institutions, always unknown to antiquity.

IMPRESSIONS OF SENSE.—It affords an instance of the boldness with which philosophers have questioned the ways of Providence, that they have asked—Why were not all our actions performed at the suggestion of pleasure? Why should we be subject to pain at all? In answer to this, I should say in the first place, that, consistently with our condition, our sensations and pleasure, there must be variety in the impressions; such contrast and variety are common to every variety of sense; and the continuance of an impression on any one organ, occasions it to fade. If the eye continues to look steadfastly on one object the image is soon lost—if we continue to look on one color, we become insensible to that color; and opposite colors to each other, are necessary for a perfect impression. So have we seen that in the insensibilities of the skin, variations are necessary to continued sensation.

It is difficult to say what these philosophers would define as pleasure: but whatever exercise of the senses it should be, unless we are to suppose an entire change of our nature, its opposite is also implied. Nay, further, in this fanciful condition of existence, did any thing of our present nature prevail, emotions purely of pleasure would lead to indolence, relaxation and indifference. To what end should there be an apparatus to protect the eye, since pleasure could never move us to its exercise? Could the windpipe and the interior of the lungs be protected by a pleasurable sensation, attended with the slow determination of the will—instead of the rapid and powerful influence which the exquisite sensibility of the throat has upon the act of respiration, or those forcible yet regulated exertions, which nothing but the instinctive apprehension of death could excite?

To suppose that we should be moved by the solicitations of pleasure, and have no experience of pain, would be to place us where injuries would meet us at every step and in every motion, and whether felt or not would be destructive to life. To suppose that we are to move and act, without experience of resistance and of pain, is to suppose not only that man's nature is changed, but the whole of exterior nature also—there must be nothing to bruise the body or hurt the eye, nothing noxious to be drawn in with the breath—in short, it is to imagine, altogether another state of existence; and the philosopher would be mortified were we to put this interpretation on his meaning. Pain is the necessary contrast to pleasure; it ushers us into existence or consciousness: it alone is capable of exciting the organs into activity: it is the companion and the guardian of human life.—*Sir Charles Bell, on the Hand.*

There is no qualification for government, but virtue and wisdom, actual or presumptive. Wherever they are actually found, they have the passport of Heaven to human place and honor. Woe to the country which would madly and impiously reject the service of the talents and virtue, civil, military, or religious, that are given to grace and serve it; and would condemn to obscurity every thing formed to diffuse lustre and glory around a State. Woe to that country, too, that passing into the opposite extreme, considers a low education, a mean contracted view of things, a sordid, mercenary occupation, as a preferable title to command. The temple of honor ought to be seated on an eminence. If it be opened through virtue, let it be remembered too, that virtue is never tried, but by some difficulty and some struggle.

COUNSELLOR COSTELLO.

While the celebrated Costello, was in his zenith, at the Irish bar, he was unrivalled for wit, acuteness and propensity for brogue. His practice lay considerably in the criminal courts, where, by his ingenuity, he enabled many deserving culprits to evade the well-earned punishment of the law. He was one day summoned to Newgate in a great hurry, and in a case of great emergency. The safe or strong box of the bank of Glendow & Co., had been plundered to an immense amount. Suspicion had fallen upon the deputy cashier, who was in consequence arrested and sent to prison, inside of the walls of which he had not been ten minutes, before he was advised by his fellow prisoner to send for Counsellor Costello, who would, if any man could, save his life. It was in obedience to this summons, that the Counsellor repaired to Newgate.

"I am told you are committed for purloining ten thousand guineas, my dear?" said the Counsellor as he entered the cell.

"I am."

"Are you guilty?"

"Sir!"

"Have you the *Arragun shees*?"

"I do n't understand you."

"Did you do the thing?"

"Sir, you insult me by your suspicions!"

"Then you'll be hanged!"—and the Counsellor took his hat.

"Hold, sir," said the prisoner—who after a little hesitation confessed that he was able to pay the Counsellor a thousand guineas, if he should procure his acquittal. The bargain was struck, and the Counsellor took his leave.

Costello immediately repaired to the Crown Office, as it was then called, in Dublin, from which his client had been committed. The sitting magistrate was still on the Bench.

"Good morrow, Mr Alderman," said the Counsellor, as he entered, "is there any thing new to-day—any thing stirring in my way?"

"Yes, a most extraordinary case has occurred. One of Glendow's clerks has abstracted from the strong box of the bank, ten bags, each containing one thousand guineas in gold. He was arrested this morning; some of the property was found on him, and has been sworn to. I sent him to Newgate about half an hour since, and he'll certainly swing after the next commission." (Old Bailey Sessions.)

"The property sworn to! Why zounds! how can that be? One guinea is like another, and—"

"True, true; but with the guineas, the fellow stole some foreign gold coins—one of which, a broad Dutch piece, was found on him when he was arrested—it has been identified by the chief cashier; so you will admit he has no chance of escape. Here it is!"—and he handed the coin to the Counsellor.

Costello took the piece of money into his hand, looked at it most attentively, turned it in his hand, and, after considering it with the air of a virtuoso, returned it to the Alderman, with "Upon my conscience, as clear a case as ever I met." After some unimportant conversation, he withdrew, went home, and by the packet which sailed that night, he despatched a trusty messenger to Amsterdam, with certain instructions, and a strict injunction to be back in Dublin, within three weeks, at the end of which, the commission of Oyer and Terminer was to commence. The man succeeded in the object of his mission, and returned to Dublin on the very morning of the day appointed for the trial of his master's client.

The prisoner was put upon trial. The principal cashier of Glendow & Co. proved the circumstance of the robbery, as narrated by the Alderman, to Costello; adding that the robber (who could be none but the prisoner) had substituted ten bags of half pence for those of gold, which he had stolen. The Dutch piece was then handed to the witness by the counsel for the prosecution; he unhesitatingly identified it as the property of his employers. This evidence was deemed conclusive—the prisoner's countenance changed; the jury indicated by their gestures that they were satisfied; the witness was descending from the table, when Costello exclaimed—

"Stop, young man, a word with you. I will thank you for that gold piece, Mr —," (to the counsel for the prosecution, who handed it to him.) He looked at it, rubbed it on the sleeve of his well worn coat, and then turning to the witness, said, holding the piece of money in his fingers—"and you positively swear this is the identical piece of gold which was in the strong box of Glendow & Co.?"

"I do."

"Have a care young man: look at it again," said Costello, offering it to the witness, but letting it fall into his hat, which lay before him on the table. "I beg your pardon," said he, taking it up and handing the coin to the witness—

"You are sure that this is the identical piece of money?"

"I am."

"You are positive? Look at it again."

"I do; and swear it is the identical piece."

"And this?" said the Counsellor, taking another and a similar one from his hat.

The witness was petrified.

Costello had at the Crown Office impressed upon his mind the date and effigies of the gold piece shown him, and it

was to procure some similar coins, that he had sent to Holland.

"And this?" continued he—"and this? and this?" taking a fresh piece from his hat at each question.

The witness was struck dumb. The prisoner was immediately acquitted.

TICONDEROGA.

[The following is Colonel Ethan Allen's account of the capture of Ticonderoga, on the 10th of May, 1775.]

The first systematical and bloody attempt at Lexington, to enslave America, thoroughly electrified my mind, and fully determined me to take a part with my country. And while I was wishing for an opportunity to signalize myself in its behalf, directions were privately sent to me from the then colony, now State of Connecticut, to raise the Green Mountain Boys, and, if possible, to surprise and take the fortress of Ticonderoga. This enterprise I cheerfully undertook; and after guarding all the several passages that led thither, to cut off all intelligence between the garrison and the country, made a forced march from Bennington, and arrived at the lake at Ticonderoga, in 1775, with two hundred and thirty valiant Green Mountain Boys; and it was with the utmost difficulty that I procured boats to cross the lake. However, I had landed eighty-three men near the garrison, and sent the boats back for the rear guard, commanded by Col. Seth Warner; but the day began to dawn, and I found myself necessitated to attack the fort before the rear could pass the lake; and as it was viewed hazardous, I harangued the officers and soldiers in the following manner:

"Friends and fellow-soldiers: you have for a number of years past, been the scourge and terror to arbitrary power. Your valor has been famed abroad, and acknowledged, as appears by the orders to me from the General Assembly of Connecticut, to surprise and take the garrison now before us. I now propose to advance before you, and, in person, conduct you through the wicket gate; for we must this morning either quit our pretensions to valor, or possess ourselves of this fortress, in a few minutes; and, inasmuch as it is a desperate attempt, which none but the bravest men dare undertake, I do not urge it on any contrary to his will. You that will undertake, voluntarily, poison your firelocks."

The men being at this time drawn up in three ranks, each poised his firelock. I ordered them to face to the right; and at the head of the centre file, marched them immediately to the wicket gate, aforesaid, where I found a sentry posted, who instantly snapped his fuzee at me. I ran immediately towards him, and he retreated through the covered way into the parade with the garrison, gave a halloo, and ran under a bomb-proof. My party followed me into the fort; I formed on the parade in such a manner as to face the barracks, which faced each other. The garrison being asleep, except the sentries, we gave three huzzas, which greatly surprised them. One of the sentries made a pass at one of my officers with a charged bayonet, and slightly wounded him. My first thought was to kill him with my sword, but in an instant I altered the design and fury of the blow to a slight cut on the side of the head; upon which he dropped his gun, asked quarters, which I readily granted him; and demanding where the commanding officer slept, he showed me a pair of stairs in front of the garrison, which led up to the second story in said barracks, to which I immediately repaired, and ordered the commander, Captain Delaplace, to come forth instantly, or I would sacrifice the whole garrison. At which the Captain came immediately to the door, with his breeches in his hand, when I ordered him to deliver up the fort, instantly. He asked me by what authority I demanded it. I answered him—"In the name of the great Jehovah—and the Continental Congress." The authority of Congress being very little known at that time, he began to speak again, but I interrupted him, and with a drawn sword near his head, demanded an immediate surrender of the garrison; with which he then complied, and ordered his men to be forthwith paraded without arms, as he had given up the garrison. In the meantime, some of my officers had given orders, and in consequence thereof, sundry of the barrack doors were beaten down, and about one third of the garrison imprisoned, which consisted of said commander, a lieutenant Felham, a conductor of artillery, a gunner, two sergeants, and forty-four rank and file; about one hundred pieces of cannon, one thirteen inch mortar, and a number of swivels. This enterprise was carried into execution in the grey of the morning of the 10th of May, 1775. The sun seemed to rise that morning with a superior lustre: and Ticonderoga and its dependencies smiled upon its conquerors, who tossed about the flowing bowl, and drank success to Congress; and liberty and freedom to America.

ANCIENT WORKS NEAR ST. LOUIS.

The most remarkable mounds are near St. Louis on the East side of the Mississippi, consisting of two groups. One group is about two miles North of the Cahokia river, which empties into the Mississippi near St. Louis. This group is about one mile East of the Mississippi. The other group is about four miles South of the one first mentioned. These ancient works are about one hundred and fifty in number.—The upper or northern group resemble in appearance, at a

distance from them, a great number of enormous hay stacks. Generally circular, some of them of considerable height; there is space enough on their summits for several hundred men to stand. The largest of these mounds stands on the very bank of the Cahokia, and to raise this stupendous mound, must have required the constant labor of a thousand men for a long time. Its shape is that of a parallelogram, twenty-four hundred feet in circumference, and ninety feet high. It is composed of alluvial earth. On the South end, is a broad apron about half way down, and from this is a projection fifteen feet wide.

The monks of La Trappe have settled near it—have used the apron for a kitchen garden, and sown the summit with wheat. This elevated parallelogram, running North and South, belongs to the same class of works with those at Marietta, on Paint Creek, near Portsmouth, and other spots already described in their appropriate places in this volume.—These interesting remains, so numerous and large, and all occupying only four or five miles square of territory, clearly indicate the existence of a large town, in former times, in this neighborhood.

MINISTER AND PEOPLE.—There is much truth in the following extract from a sermon by Dr. Chalmers; in which he takes occasion to allude to the relative duties of clergymen and their congregations. After having spoken of the services of the minister in the pulpit, he says:

Yet grieved and disappointed should we be, did he confine himself to Sabbath ministrations—did he not go forth, and become the friend and the christian adviser of all who dwell within the limits of his vineyard—did he not act the part of an Apostle among you, from house to house, and vary the fatigue of his preparations for the pulpit, by a daily walk amongst the ignorant, or the sick, or the sorrowful, or the dying. It is your part to respect, as you would a sanctuary, that solitude to which, for hours together, he should commit himself, in the work of meditating the truths of salvation—and it is his part to return your delicacy by his labors of love, by the greetings of his cordial fellowship, by his visits of kindness. It is a wrong imagination on the side of a people, when they look, on the Sabbath, for a vigorous exposition of duty or doctrine, from him whom they tease, and interrupt, and annoy, through the week—and it is a wrong imagination on the side of a Pastor, when looking on the Church as the sole arena of his usefulness, he does not relax the labor of a spirit that has been much exercised on the great topics of the Christian ministry, by frequent and familiar intercourse among those, whom, perhaps, he has touched or arrested by his Sabbath demonstrations. You ought to intrude not upon his arrangements and his studies; but he ought, in these arrangements, to provide the opportunities of ample converse with every spiritual patient, with every honest inquirer. You should be aware of the distinction that he makes between that season of the day which is set apart for retirement, and that season of the day which lies open to the duty of holding courteous fellowship with all—and of hiding not himself from his own flesh. It is the gross insensibility which obtains to the privileges both of a sacred and literary order—it is the disturbance of a perpetual inroad on that prophet's chamber, which ought, at all times, to be a safe retreat of contemplation—it is the incessant struggle that must be made for a professional existence, with irksome application, and idle ceremony, and even the urgencies of friendship—these are sufficient to explain those pulpit imbecilities, of which many are heard to complain, while they themselves help to create them. And, therefore, if you want to foster the energies of your future clergyman: if you would co-operate with him in those mental labors, by which he provides through the week, for the repast of your Sabbath festival; if it is your desire that an unction and a power shall be felt in all his pulpit ministrations; if here you would like to catch a glow of Heaven's sacredness, and receive that fresh and forcible impulse upon your spirits, which might send you forth again with a redoubled ardor of holy affection and zeal on the business of life, and make you look and long for the coming Sabbath, as another delightful resting-place on your journey towards Zion—then suffer him to breathe, without molestation, in that pure and lofty region, where he might inhale a seraphic fervency, by which to kindle among his hearers his own celestial fire, his own noble enthusiasm. If it be this, and not the glee of companionship, or the drudgeries of ordinary clerkship that you want from your minister, then leave, I beseech you, his time in his own hand, and hold his asylum to be inviolable.

LITERATI.—The word *literati*, which now confers honor, had at one time a very different signification. Among the Romans, it was usual to affix some branding, or ignominious letter on the criminal, when the crime was infamous in its nature; and persons so branded were called *inscripti*, or *stigmati*, or by a more equivocal term, *literati*. The same expression is likewise adopted in Statue 4, Henry VII., which recites, "that divers persons *lettered* had been more bold to commit mischievous deeds," &c. The present meaning of the word is taken from the Chinese, among whom, however, it is applied more specifically to one particular sect of learned men.

Editor's Correspondence.

For the Literary Journal.

A CHAPTER ON SALT.

"If the salt hath lost his savor, wherewithal shall it be salted?"

This passage has often been a stumbling-block to sundry ancient and very devout ladies of my acquaintance, who were sadly puzzled with its meaning; inasmuch as no salt, whether Turke's Island or Liverpool, that they had ever had any culinary dealings with, was ever found guilty of "losing his savor." Nay, even after having done duty in the pork barrel for a whole winter, it was found, upon being "bailed out" of durance, in the Spring; to have "retained its integrity," and to be as salt as ever. A circumstance, that came under my own knowledge during a cruise in one of our men-of-war in the Pacific, some years since, may possibly throw some light upon the text above quoted, and relieve all those ladies who are at a loss to reconcile it with their daily culinary experience, from uncertainty and conjecture; and also from what a certain witty writer says is one of the greatest torments that a woman can possibly endure in this world; namely, the knowledge that there is a secret, accompanied by the inability to get at it. During our cruise, we went into a small bay, a few leagues South of Huacho, (pronounced "Watcho,") on the coast of Peru, called "Salines," from the quantities of rock, or fossil salt, with which the adjacent country abounds. We found lying here, a Chilian ship of about four hundred tons, and fifteen or twenty sail of small coasting vessels, all busily engaged in taking in salt. A party of officers went ashore to amuse themselves; and at their return, brought off several large lumps of the salt. These masses were composed of large irregular crystals, apparently strongly impregnated with iron. I broke off with a marline-spike, some of the whitest and clearest portions of one of these lumps; but upon using it in the mess, found it entirely destitute of saline taste, and fit for nothing: it had "lost its savor." I could account for this phenomenon in no other way, than that the alternate action of a hot sun by day, and very heavy dews by night, had effectually neutralized the saline qualities of such masses as were exposed to their influence; for these lumps were formed either upon the surface, or but six or eight inches below it; so that the crews of the vessels have little to do, but to scrape away the thin covering of loose sand, and break the salt into portable pieces with pick-axes and crow-bars. It should be remarked, that no rain falls throughout the year, on the coast of Peru, whatever it may do in the interior. In Calmet's Dictionary, I find a "most lame and impotent" explanation of this passage; namely, that the inhabitants of Palestine were formerly, and are at the present day, supplied with salt from the salt lakes; the Dead Sea, if I recollect right, is one of them; that the salt floats on the surface of these lakes! that those who collect it, drive their beasts of burden and carriages as far into the water as they can, in order to get at that which is farthest from the shore and consequently purest; and that the portion of this floating salt nearest or contiguous to the shore, is, of course, "trodden under foot of men," and consequently loses its savor. There are some few objections to this exposition, which shows any thing but a knowledge of the subject. In the first place, when I returned from the cruise above mentioned, I read the travels of the celebrated Edward Daniel Clarke, and likewise those of Dr. Madden; one, or both of whom notice the fact, that Palestine abounds with fossil salt; that they, (or as aforesaid only one of them,) saw people employed collecting and transporting it, far from the Dead Sea or any other sea, far from lakes, rivers, ponds, brooks, or puddles; and noticed also the same fact that I did in Peru; namely, that such portions of this salt as were exposed to atmospheric action, were deprived of their saline qualities. Secondly: in the course of my rambles, I have seen a great many "salt works;" and have observed that the crystallization, or formation of salt, invariably takes place at the bottom of the vats or ponds in which the salt water is collected to be exposed to the rays of the sun; and it requires no Samuel to rise from the dead, to tell us, that the attempt to make salt float on the surface of salt water or fresh water, would be about as successful as setting fire to the river, or extracting sunbeams from cucumbers. Thirdly:

if "treading under foot of men" would cause salt to "lose its savor," Liverpool salt, of all others, ought to be the very worst, instead of the best, that is used in this country, for it is "trodden under foot" at the manufactories, put on board flats, or lighters, and again "trodden under foot" by the flatmen: these flats go alongside ships in dock, and the salt is again "trodden under foot" by gangs of Irishmen, who shovel it on board: it is "trodden under foot" again by the crew who "trim" it in the ship's hold; they "tread it under foot" again when stowing the remainder of the cargo upon it. On its arrival in this country, it is again "trodden under foot" by the "lumpers," who shovel it into tubs that are hoisted out and emptied into wagons on the wharf; where it is once more "trodden under foot" by the wagoners, as they level it in their wagons. In short, the treadings under foot, that Liverpool salt undergoes, before it finally gets into our salt-cellars, are enough to trample its savor out, fifty times over. Another thing should be kept in mind: Calmet speaks of the treading under foot, as the cause of salt losing its savor: our Saviour expressly indicates it as the consequence. Biblical criticism is, as you, Mr Editor, have, no doubt, perceived, by no means my forte; I am perfectly satisfied with the Scriptures as I find them: and most heartily agree with Edie Ochiltree, that "there is aneugh atween the twa boards o' the New Testament, to save us a," without much commentary, or explanation. The fact that I have noticed, had by no means escaped my recollection: but happening to take up a copy of Robinson's Calmet, a few days since, I had the curiosity to see what kind of explanation he gave of our Saviour's apparently obscure language; and was immediately of opinion, that said explanation is rather a slim one. If you or your readers think that the fact which I have mentioned, is more to the purpose, I shall feel extremely gratified.

A. I.

For the Literary Journal.

NOTICES.

"The Young Christian:" by Jacob Abbot. "Characteristics of Women:" by Mrs Jameson.

MR EDITOR,—I am much interested in your valuable Journal; and really hope you will be constantly supplied with something new, original and useful. Could I afford the time, what little talent I possess, should be cheerfully devoted to its pages. My object, at present, is to recommend to the perusal of the young, a work, which for real usefulness in the formation of character, particularly Christian character, I have never seen surpassed.

I know not to what Church the writer belongs: though I think any community might be proud to claim the author of "The Young Christian." It is written with a candor and ingeniousness, as new as it is dignified and delightful. Many writers of religious works, in attempting to explain what is perfectly inexplicable, involve themselves and their readers, in a labyrinth of metaphysical subtleties, from which they cannot find their own way; and in which they are utterly bewildered. The god they might do, if they would keep in the path which God has evidently marked out, they entirely forget; while groping about in utter darkness, to discover "the secret things of God." That mortals cannot discover them, the enlightened of all ages have acknowledged, from the Apostle Paul, to the learned Newton: from that philosopher, to the powerful and deep-thinking Brougham. And why should we be so anxious to pry into the hidden mysteries of religion? All its duties are so plain, "that he who runs may read." God can manage his worlds, and the souls in them, without our aid: he placed us here, to learn our duties as children, and as followers of his beloved Son: and if we possess the meek and humble spirit, which he requires as a proof of our adoption into the family of that Son, we shall be accepted: let our names here be what they may.

For my own part, I think all religious controversy fosters pride of opinion and unchristian feelings. We take so much pains to enlighten others, that we forget that we are nothing but a mystery even to ourselves.

Mr Abbot, with the humility of a Christian, and the candor of a truly enlightened mind, acknowledges his ignorance of many things which others attempt to explain: and with the

Bible for his corner-stone, he has raised a beautiful superstructure of piety, into which he invites all the young to enter and partake of the waters of life, freely. His "Young Christian," is not a work of fancy. I do not recommend it for the beauty of its style: though that is plain, easy, and simple, adapted to the comprehension of the young. But I recommend it to all weak, erring, frail creatures, who, like myself, feel the need of a Heavenly Father's support and guidance. Its illustrations are from the most familiar subjects; and are very forcible. But I have done: only premising that those who take it up with the expectation of being amused or delighted, as they would be by Mrs Jameson's fascinating production, which was so beautifully commented upon in one of your columns, will be disappointed. The "Young Christian" is "lovely, because it is true."

Speaking of Mrs Jameson's beautiful work:—does it never occur to you, that she sometimes gives to Shakspeare's characters, meanings and motives, of which he himself never dreamed? Really, when I read the play of Romeo and Juliet, (full as it certainly is of beauties,) I always feel as if I was reading the ravings of two loving hearts, almost insane with their new emotions. To a very young, inexperienced, and beautiful girl, who had been left, as Juliet was, to the care of a vulgar, ignorant, doating old nurse, it might be; indeed, I can suppose it to be, natural, for her to say, "Gallop apace, ye fiery-footed steeds," &c. But in spite of Mrs Jameson's assertion, that all will agree with her, (except prudes,) that it would be natural for most females; I must believe that not one in a thousand of the lovely English wives and mothers, whom she calls on to prove the correctness of her views, would agree with her. I think, as I said before, that Shakspeare meant to represent the lovers as half crazed with passion:—else, how can we be reconciled to, or how could we admire, so revolting an idea as "Take him, and cut him up," &c. The very thought of cutting up a body, brings at once, something painful to the mind. The conclusion is equally absurd, though not so gross:—making the heavens fine, by a body cut in pieces, is certainly quite a ridiculous figure of speech; and we can only be reconciled to these absurdities, when we call them, as Shakspeare himself would, if he were among us, the rhapsodies of one half-crazed. And so with the soliloquy: which, though it was natural for one like Juliet, almost beside herself, would, I insist upon it, be unnatural for any chaste, delicate, refined, lovely woman, either in England or America. For the truth of this assertion, I appeal to every well educated female of correct feelings.

But I have run on, until I fear you will begin to think I have quite forgotten the object of this communication:—and in truth, there is some difference between the *young Christian*, and the *characteristics of women*: though the latter is certainly a deeply interesting, perhaps I might say, a holy subject.

L. L.

For the Literary Journal.

THE UNBORN GREAT.

A FRAGMENT.

Souls of the Mighty, who have gone to rest
In the eternal mansions of the blest;
Say, in that vast, mysterious region, where
To live and be eternally, ye are,
How many glorious spirits, slumbering still,
May yet await the great Creator's will;
Who, in his own good time, will give them birth,
To yield new lessons to admiring earth.

Yes, Fancy views a long and bright array
Of beings who have never seen the day;
By whom to future millions shall be shown
Examples bright and glorious as your own.
Souls who shall trace dark error to its source;
And aid Improvement in its ceaseless course;
And teach their fellow men, aside to cast
The weak, degrading follies of the past.
Some future Washington, ordained to be
Hope to a nation struggling to be free:
Some spirits, formed to mount on Fancy's wings,
Filled with bright thoughts and high imaginings;
To tune the harp for strains like those which rung,

In ancient Greece, when poesy was young;
Or, with celestial energy, combine
New forms of grace, and beauties more divine.
Some master hand may wake to life once more,
The glowing chords which Shakspeare swept before;
And pour in transport, o'er that hallowed lyre,
The bright o'erflowings of a soul of fire.

For the Literary Journal.

CHRISTMAS ANTHEM.

The day-star arises, announcing the morn
Which tells that the God-sent of Saviours is born!
Prepare your rich gifts, ye wise of the earth,
And hasten to hail this wonderful birth.
No music of yours must flow at this hour—
For music there is, transcending your power.
'T is harped from the skies; and hymned by a band
Of Angels, rejoicing to light on our land:
Careering, exulting, they crowd to survey
The Light of the World—the Fulness of Day!

Break now your vases, and sprinkle your flowers:
Let fragrance and music enrapture the hours;
Effusing your spices, and bidding the air,
From Heaven to Earth, the glad tidings declare.

But strange, to mortal and immortal mind,
A mere slumbering babe in a manger to find!
Is this then the cradle of him, who is given
To bless the whole earth—to lift mortals to Heaven?
And this the small hand that shall sever the chain
Which links foul Sin to Death in its bondage of pain?
It is he, whose great advent, for ages foretold,
Was waited and sought by the prophets of old.

Then let the hosts of earth exulting raise
Their grateful songs of triumph and of praise.
For he the chains of Sin and Death will sever—
That reign hath now begun, which endeth never—
His kingdom shall endure, forever and forever!

THE LITERARY JOURNAL.

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PROVIDENCE, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1833.

NOTES ON STATUARY AND SCULPTURE. NUMBER TWO.

JEWISH ART.—Works of the Israelites in the precious metals.—The Temple of Solomon.—Hiram of Tyre.—His works in brass.—Probable character of Jewish Sculpture.—ETRUSCAN REMAINS.—Engraved gems, pateræ, &c.—Ruins of Paestum.—Temple of Neptune, &c.

Respecting the condition of the Fine Arts among the Ancient Jews, the Old Testament is our principal source of information. But the facts and allusions scattered through its books, convey but few definite ideas respecting the degree of mechanical skill which was displayed in their Sculpture; and afford but scanty materials for determining what effect was produced by their works, on the general progress of the arts. From all the facts which can be gathered, it is more than probable that they never made much improvement, either in design or execution, upon the style of art which they carried with them from Egypt. We have much more information respecting the materials which they employed, than the skill which they exhibited. In relation to the former, one fact is remarkable. Although frequent mention is made of gold, brass, and other metals, and of persons skillful in these branches of workmanship, yet we meet with scarcely any allusion to ornamental works in stone or marble: unless the words "graven images" are intended to apply to figures in stone as well as those of metal: for which supposition there exist no grounds. A reason for the fact may perhaps be given, by a reference to the vast quantities of the precious metals which had been accumulated in Judea previous to, and during the reign of Solomon; which was about five hundred years after the departure of the Israelites from Egypt. The Second book of the Chronicles informs us, that their foreign commerce, and particularly their trade with Ophir and Tarshish, had filled their capital with gold and silver.—

The possession of such enormous quantities of these metals, by a people whose taste was apparently so little refined, probably afforded ample occupation for the skill of their artists; and at the same time, caused them to place but little relative value on works executed from less precious materials. Their consumption of these metals in works of art, must have been at that time, almost incalculable. Of their abundance, we can form some conception, from one passage in the book to which allusion has been made; where, after a reference to the King's great throne of ivory and gold, his two hundred targets and three hundred shields of beaten gold, we are informed, that "the king made silver, in Jerusalem, as stones:" and that "all the drinking cups of King Solomon were of gold; and all the vessels of the House of the Forest of Lebanon, were of pure gold:—none were of silver;—it was not anything accounted of, in the days of Solomon."

The descriptions of the Great Temple, contained in the First Book of Kings, and the Second of the Chronicles, are here worthy of particular notice. They prove the acquaintance of the Jews with the arts of gilding, or rather of overlaying with gold, of minute carving, and of casting metallic statues. The account which they furnish of the works of Hiram of Tyre, are highly valuable. After a minute description of the two brazen pillars, sixty feet in height, which he erected in front of the Temple, we are told that he made a "molten sea" of brass, which "was an hand breadth thick; and the brim thereof was wrought like the brim of a cup, with flowers of lilies:" "and under the brim thereof, there were knops compassing it, ten in a cubit, compassing the sea, round about. The knops were cast in two rows, when it was cast." This massy vessel stood on twelve brazen oxen, which were placed facing each of the four cardinal points. This is followed by a description of the ten magnificent lavers, each standing on four wheels; which we are told "were like the wheels of a chariot;" and that their "axletrees, their naves, their felloes, and their spokes, were all molten." These works were all of "bright brass;" and, in the words of the narrative, "in the plain of Jordan did the king cast them:—in the clay ground between Succoth and Zarthan."

Some of these were cast in detached parts; which were afterwards united and finished with the graver. This was probably the method pursued with them all: and the supposition is strongly supported by the expressions of Josephus, in his description of the Temple and its decorations.

Of the mechanical skill and the degree of finish displayed by these works, we have no certain grounds for forming an opinion; but every fact tends to a belief that they were comparatively rude and ungraceful. The Temple was built, "of stone, made ready before it was brought thither: so that there was neither hammer nor axe, nor any tool of iron, heard in the house while it was building." This fact has generally caused too high an estimate of the comparative mechanical skill of the Jewish builders: for the popular opinion of their inventive genius must be very erroneous, if the probable assertion is true, that the same method was pursued in joining the component parts of many of the great works in Egypt, the source from whence the arts of the Jews had been derived. And notwithstanding the gorgeous and imposing splendor of this magnificent edifice, we are possessed of no facts which warrant the conclusion, that either the fabric as a whole, or any of its separate parts or decorations were constructed on principles approaching in any near degree, to those of a correct and refined taste. But, on the contrary, the useless and almost boundless expenditure of the precious materials, with which its decorations were burdened and overloaded; the incongruous combinations and lavish profusion of elaborate ornaments, precludes the supposition.—The character of its style probably approached nearer to that of many of the existing works of the East: splendid and imposing in the highest degree; but whose effect is produced by an entire ignorance of those principles of pure and simple grandeur, which are the distinguishing characteristics of the works of more refined periods. Of these principles, neither the artist who erected and adorned, nor the chroniclers who first described this edifice, appear to have had the least conception. The wonder of the latter seems to have been excited more by the quantity and value of its rich ma-

terials, than by any other cause. And indeed, with the exception of the knowledge which they afford us, respecting the few branches of art which have been mentioned; their descriptions of the Temple are far more valuable for the historical facts which they contain, showing the manner in which the wealth and energies of the nation were called forth by such an undertaking; than for any exact information which they yield respecting the comparative advancement of Jewish art.

After these brief observations upon the works of Egypt and Judea, some notice of the ancient Etruscan Remains appears necessary, before we proceed to the works of Grecian sculpture. It has long been believed, notwithstanding the unaccountable silence of the Latin authors respecting it, that a powerful and intelligent nation existed in Italy, before the foundation of the Roman power. The fact is generally admitted, that the people of Etruria were, for some centuries, far in advance of the Romans, in the elegant as well as the useful arts: and that they, in fact, maintained this superiority until they were vanquished by the latter people, and the accumulated trophies of their arts became the spoil of their rapacious conquerors.

Some idea of the refinement of the Etruscans may be drawn from the fact, that their nation was composed of twelve cities, each being the capital of a surrounding district; and that their whole municipal and general government was purely elective. The people of each district chose their own governor or Leucomon, and the twelve governors formed a general council, and elected the chief magistrate of the nation. Among such a people, the arts must have flourished; for we cannot conceive it possible that any race of men could have so well understood the true nature and ends of human government, without having also made some corresponding advancement in other branches of knowledge.

Although many of the specimens which are exhibited as remains of Etruscan art, are undoubtedly the productions of later times; yet still, of their coins, engraved gems, sculptures and statues of bronze and marble, some unquestionable specimens remain; together with several fragments of their noble and enduring architecture.

One of their engraved gems, contains five full-length figures of the chieftains who fought against Thebes, with the name of each attached. The whole is cut on an oval piece of cornelian, measuring but five and a half tenths, by seven and a half tenths of an inch. Several others equally minute, are in existence. A small hole runs through the longer diameter of each: from which circumstance, they are supposed to have been worn as amulets, or fitted as rings for the finger.

Their coins are still found in that part of Italy which they inhabited: and their statues of metal and stone, with their pateræ, or vessels used for libations during their religious rites, are frequently to be met in the cabinets and museums of Europe. Many of the latter are exceedingly curious. They often contain, on the bottom, within, (which is usually about six inches in diameter,) some mythological group or figure, bearing in its style of workmanship and design, a close resemblance to our modern bold outline engraving. Indeed, so great is the resemblance, that at Bologna, the bottom of one of them was taken off; and without alteration, used as an ordinary copper-plate, in striking off impressions, for the gratification of the antiquaries.

It is highly probable that the earliest Etruscan sculptures preceded those of the Ancient Greeks: and that in the infancy of Grecian art, it received much assistance from the more advanced refinement of Etruria. That the artists of the two countries were at length, a long time rivals, is beyond dispute. To what degree of skill the latter people ever advanced, we are, of course, unable to determine. The number, at least, of their works must have been very great: for when Volsinum, one of their twelve capitals, was sacked by the Romans, they bore from that city alone, two thousand statues, as the trophies of their conquest.

Of the Architecture of this interesting people, there still exist some noble fragments. Portions still remain of their great edifices, which were probably in ruins before the foundations were laid, of those buildings whose wasting relics now form the great attraction of the Roman capital. The most remarkable of these are the ruins at Paestum, which

consist of fragments of the city walls and of three large temples. One of these, now known as the "Temple of Neptune," is about ninety feet in width, by about two hundred in length; with six columns remaining in its two fronts, and fourteen on each of its sides. These still support fragments of an entablature or cornice; on which stand smaller columns, also surmounted by remnants of their shattered entablature: the whole penetrated and worn by the elements, into the perfect resemblance of an honeycomb. Each of the columns is composed of five pieces of stone. Their style is similar to the Grecian Doric; except that they are much wider at the base, and diminish more rapidly as they ascend; resembling in their outline, the form of a truncated cone.

It is a remarkable fact, that notwithstanding the location of these ruins, near the Gulf of Salerno, and not an hundred miles from Naples; yet so complete has been the desolation of the tract of country in their vicinity; produced by the state of society and the destructive effects of the malaria, that their very existence was, for ages, blotted from the memory of man; and it is now less than a century, since the fact was made known to the antiquaries of Europe. How much must the feeling of interest with which they are contemplated, be increased, when the spectator reflects, that there they have stood, amid that silent and unpeopled solitude; in their unnoticed beauty and unwasted strength, from century to century, defying the attacks of Time; to become once more a source of delight and admiration to the eye of genius and of taste.

Hitherto, our course has been over fields marked by no certain boundaries, and incapable of being explored by any definite and permanent paths. We now approach a division of our subject, whose progressive stages may be defined with some degree of historical accuracy; and in the investigation of which, the pages of the annalist afford us assistance, by furnishing dates, by which we can follow the progress of improvement from one period to another.

The principal advantage to be derived from reviewing the history of any art, arises from the opportunity which it affords us, of watching the inventive power of man, from its first rude essays, to its full development of strength. To follow the workings of this power; to witness its defeats and its triumphs, the obstacles which retard it, and the means by which these have been overcome; from its first imperfect and inartificial carving of a rude block, to the light and ethereal touches of a master's chisel on the brow of an Apollo or the lip of a Venus, cannot be devoid either of interest or instruction.

G.

THE FRENCH LANGUAGE.

Many of our readers are aware of the fact, that a French Academy has recently been established in this city, under very favorable auspices. We have already fully expressed our opinion with regard to the qualifications of the accomplished teacher who has been selected to preside over the institution: an opinion which we believe is fully sustained by that of every one who has received the benefits of his instruction. This Academy deserves to be efficiently patronized, as an important accessory to the means of polite education in our community. We are desirous that the objects which it proposes, and the plan on which it has commenced, may be more generally understood; and accordingly intended at this time, to have offered some remarks upon the subject: but these have been anticipated by the subjoined communication from a member of the Academy; which is cheerfully inserted, in lieu of the notice which we had prepared.

MR EDITOR.—The formation of a large class of young gentlemen, for the study of the French Language, has frequently been attempted in this place; but the project has never been successful, until the present time.

Most of your city readers are in some degree acquainted with the exertions which have been made by Mons. Bugard, to bring that language into more general notice among us, by an exhibition of its beauties, and by adopting a system of instruction which renders its acquisition a pleasure rather than a task. No teacher of the French, or of any other modern language, has hitherto been sufficiently patronized in our city, to induce him to make it a place of permanent res-

idence. Indeed, few have remained with us more than a year, without a great diminution in the number of their pupils, accompanied by a general spathy on the part of those from whom they had reason to expect support.

A number of young gentlemen, feeling the importance of the subject, have associated together, under the care of Mons. Bugard; and have thus secured to our city, his valuable services. Three classes have been organized, according to the degree of knowledge which has been already acquired of the language, by the respective members of each. The first class is composed of those who are able to translate French, with the aid of a dictionary, and who are able to converse in that language, upon ordinary subjects. In the Academy, no English is allowed to be spoken by any member of the class. Its object is to furnish a critical knowledge of the French and of its beautiful literature. Popular works are selected for translation; and this class affords advantages to those who already have acquired some knowledge of the language, which can only be equalled by a residence in a French family. The other classes are formed of beginners, and of those who have given but slight attention to the subject.

The value of a correct knowledge of French, is too generally admitted, to need comment. In our large towns and cities, it is of much importance in the transaction of mercantile business. We cannot travel in a steam-boat or a stage coach, without meeting Europeans by whom it is spoken: we can scarcely take up a popular literary or scientific work, without finding numerous passages in French, the meaning of which, and frequently that of the connection in which they are placed, is lost to one who is ignorant of the language. In France, science finds its most liberal protection; yet what can we know of the scientific progress of that nation, without an acquaintance with the language in which it is recorded. This, to a scholar, is all important. Of the voluminous works of the great Cuvier, how many have been translated into English? I can recollect but two. We have the writings of the other distinguished modern naturalists only in abridgements. Of the lately revived science of Animal Magnetism, we know but little; and even that is principally derived from brief extracts translated for the London journals. What do we know of the labors of the savans who accompanied Napoleon in his Expedition to Egypt; the result of which is one of the most magnificent works that ever issued from the press; one which confers enduring honor upon its illustrious projector? The same question may be asked respecting the works of Champollion; the history of whose discoveries is not to be found in the English language.

What should we have known of the "Celestial Mechanics" of La Place, had not the genius of Bowditch given it an English dress? In Medicine and Surgery, the most valuable productions emanate from the French press: but few of them are translated into our own language: and these are generally so mutilated and deranged, that they prove of but little advantage to the young practitioner; and frequently lead him astray.

With a competent knowledge of French, a traveller may converse in all parts of Europe, without difficulty. In Denmark, Germany, Prussia, Italy and Spain, it has, for years, constituted a part of the course of studies in their literary institutions. In Russia, it is now a branch in all the principal seminaries, and is spoken by all educated persons of both sexes. It is gradually gaining an introduction into Turkey and Egypt; and is now in Europe, what the Persian is in Asia, the court language.

Æ.

THE YOUNG MAN'S GUIDE. Boston: Lilly, Wait, Colman and Holden.—Among the great number of works which have been prepared within a few years, as manuals for the young, we have seldom, if ever, met with a volume better adapted to the purpose, than this. Its contents are principally drawn from the best sources, and combined with a degree of skill which gives to the whole, a spirit and freshness which is seldom found in a work which is not entirely original. If our limits permitted, we would gladly say more respecting the merits of this excellent little treatise; but, at present, we can only recommend it to the attention of our young friends: confident that no one can peruse it without deriving both pleasure and benefit from its pages.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"The Wood Lilies; A Simile," is evidently the offspring of a highly poetical imagination: but the difficult measure selected by its author, has led him into several inaccuracies of thought and expression, which cannot be amended except by the occasional substitution of entire lines. We hope to hear from him again. His poem exhibits talent; and we cannot lay it aside, without extracting a portion of it.

In a valley, I found on my holiday walk,
A wood lily, withered and pale:
The thorn-tree and nightshade encompassed its stalk,
As it bowed to the cool evening gale.
Still it grew, and unfolded its petals of red,
On the rock-covered breast of the vale,
Where lay flowerets and leaves, sear and dead.

As there it disclosed its bright stamen so gay,
In the midst of its weed-circled bower,
It was choked in its beauty; and sullen Decay,
In her wreath twined the sweet, withered flower.
The stalk still remaining there, blasted and sear,
Still baring its breast to the shower;
And on its soft bosom, the tear.

So Genius, 'mong cold hearts, soon withers and dies,
Unheeded, unwept and unknown;
Like the lily's pure fragrance its perfumes arise,
While its leaves on the desert are strewn;
Till its clay relic only reveals the lone spot,
Where it bloomed in its beauty, alone—
Was nipt in its pride—and forgot.

FOR THE NEXT NUMBER.

Notice of Cooper's "Headsman:" by B. B.

The Letter of Introduction: by An Old Bachelor.

(These two very acceptable articles have been unavoidably postponed; owing to a previous arrangement of the contents of the present number.)

ON FILE, FOR INSERTION.

A Legend of the Seekonk: by A. R.

Stanzas: by *

In answer to the frequent requests of correspondents, that we should preserve and return the manuscripts of articles furnished for the Journal, we will remark; that if articles are offered, the publication of which is considered doubtful by their authors, copies must be taken previous to their being sent; as we cannot in any instance, undertake to preserve and restore the originals. In regard to those which are not of sufficient value for insertion, the labor devoted to their examination is sufficient, without any further call upon our time. And the fragments of those which are published, after passing through the hands of the editor, the compositor, the proof-reader, and of him "who, in the Greek tongue, hath his name *Apollyon*," generally bear too near a resemblance to the "remainder biscuit after a long voyage," to be gathered up for any future use. To those correspondents who wish to retain their *incognito*, we take this occasion to observe; that access to the manuscripts in the office, is in no case permitted to any persons, except those who are engaged in putting them in type.

NOTICE.—The Publishers of the Literary Journal are desirous to extend the number of their Agencies in other places; and are ready to contract on liberal terms, with any individuals who will devote the necessary attention to the business. They also wish to engage an active and intelligent man, to procure subscribers, and to act as a carrier in the city.

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ORIGINAL PAPERS.—A Chapter on Salt.—Notice of the 'Young Christian,' &c.—Notes on Statuary and Sculpture; No. II.—The French Language. Poetry.—The Unborn Great.—Christmas Anthem.

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Miscellaneous Selections.

[The following lines were published, a few years ago, in one of the English Magazines, as a production of Sir Philip Sidney. They are worthy of his fame: and whether written by him or not, are the work of a master. The structure of the verse is finely adapted to the subject: and the perfect ease with which the scriptural phraseology is almost literally retained in several of the most beautiful lines, is remarkable. Several of the English poets have attempted metrical versions of this noble passage; but no other translation will bear comparison with the present.]

KINGE DAVID, HIS LAMENT

OVER THE BODIES OF KYNGE SAUL OF ISRAEL AND HIS SONNE JOHNNATHAN

The beautye of the lande ys slayne,
Howe lowlye are the myghtie layne!

Now lette us shedde the brinie teare,
And lette us heave the pityng moane!—
But whye we strowe the willowe biere
For Ysraels pryde to lye upon;
Oh! lette not Gath the tidynge heare
Oh, tell yt not yn Askalon,
Lest every waylynge sounde of ours
Rayse triumph-shoutes in heathen boweres!

May raine or dew-droppe never lyghte
Upon thy mountaynes, Gilboa!
May offerynge-flame ne'er crowne thyne heighte
In deepe of nyght or noon of daye!
Where, worsted yn unholye fyghte,
The myghtie flange hys shielde away;
Caste meanlie on the fouled greene,
As he had ne'er anynted beene!

From battel-fyelde they turned them ne'er,
With bowe unstrunge, or blade untryede—
Pleasant they were yn lyfe, and fayre;
Nor yette did deathe theyre loves divide—
Theyre nervous armes myghte scathelesse dare
To hearde the lyon yn hys pryde;
Yette theyre lyghte limbes made fleetest speede
Than eagles, stoopynge o'er the meade.

Ye daughteres of the lande, deplore,
For Saule the bounteous and the holde,
Whose kynglie hande hath founde you store
Of crymson geare and clothe of golde;
Alack! that hande can give no more,
That worthe harte ys stille and colde;
Unknowne amongst the deade and dynges,
The mightie with the mean are lyinge.

Ah! Johnathan! my brother! lorne
And friendlesse I must looke to be!—
That harte whose woe thou ofte hast borne,
Is sore and stricken nowe for thee!—
Younge brydegroomes love on brydal morne,
Oh! yt was lyghte to thynne for me;
Thy tymelease lotte I now must playne,
Even on thynne owne highe places, alayne!

Howe lowlye now the mightie are!
Howe still the weapons of the war!

THE VESPER STAR.

The lingering radiance of the sun
Has sunk beneath the fading West;
And purple clouds within the dun,
Have floated to their isles of rest.
The moon illumes the vast expanse,
And bathes in light the landscape far;
While, like a roaming angel's glance,
Gleams forth the beauteous vesper star.

Sweet herald of the eventide!

It is the loveliest of the throng
That through those unknown regions ride,
And fill the sky with endless song;
Seeming, to Fancy's pensive eye,
A lovely spirit's brilliant car,
Here stationed in the southern sky—
Creation's peerless guardian star!

Would that my longing soul could go
Across the waste that lies between,
To revel in the glorious flow
Of light that 's here so faintly seen;
And there behold what lovely isles,
What blooming scenes in realms afar,
Encircled in eternal smiles,
Are spread beneath that evening star.

Oh, for a seraph's tireless plumes,
To waft my restless spirit there,
Where Eden's holiest light illumes
The vast unfathomed depths of air—

To bear me to yon blessed sphere
Where beams the light of Heaven afar,
Whose radiance, ever bright and clear,
Is shining in that fadeless star.

From Wilson's "Isle of Palms."

THE UNKNOWN ISLES.

Oh! many are the beauteous isles,
Unknown to human eye,
That, sleeping 'mid the ocean smiles,
In happy silence lie.
The ship may pass them in the night,
Nor the sailors know what a lovely sight
Is resting on the main;
Some wandering ship who hath lost her way,
And never, or by night or day,
Shall pass these Isles again.

There, groves that bloom in endless Spring,
Are rustling to the radiant wing
Of birds, in various plumage, bright
As rainbow hues, or dawning light.
Soft falling showers of blossoms fair
Float ever on the fragrant air,
Like showers of vernal snow,
And from the fruit trees, spreading tall,
The richly ripened clusters fall
Oft as sea breezes blow.

The sun and clouds alone possess
The joy of all that loveliness;
And sweetly to each other smile—
The live-long day—sun, cloud and isle,
How silent lies each sheltered bay!
No other visitors have they,
To their shores of silvery sand,
Than the waves, that murmuring in their glee,
All hurrying in a joyful band,
Come dancing from the sea.

From the Juvenile Forget-Me-Not.

THE BIRD AT SEA.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

"Bird of the greenwood!
Oh! why art thou here?
Leaves dance not o'er thee,
Flowers bloom not near:
All the sweet waters
Far hence are at play—
Bird of the greenwood,
Away, away!"

"Midst the wild billows,
Thy place will not be,
As 'midst the wavings
Of wild rose and tree:
How shouldst thou battle
With storm and with spray?—
Bird of the greenwood,
Away, away!"

Or art thou seeking
Some brighter land,
Where by the South wind
Vine leaves are fanned?
'Midst the wild billows
Why then delay!—
Bird of the greenwood,
Away, away!"

"Chide not my lingering
Where waves are dark!
A hand that hath nursed me
Is in the bark—
A heart that hath cherished
Through winter's long day—
So I turn from the greenwood,
Away, away!"

TURKISH PROVERBS.

A little stone can make a great bruise.
A foolish friend does more harm than a wise enemy.
It is not by saying 'honey! honey!' that sweets come to the mouth.
You can't carry two melons under one arm.
To live quietly, one should be blind, deaf and dumb.
All that you can give, you will carry with you.
More flies are caught by a drop of honey, than by a hoghead of vinegar.
Every event which causes a tear, is accompanied by another which produces a smile.
An egg to day, is better than a hen to-morrow.
Do good and throw it into the sea; if the fishes do not know it, God will.
He who fears God, does not fear man.
A wife causes the prosperity, or ruin, of a house.
He who knows every thing, is often deceived.
He who weeps for every body, soon loses his eyesight.

A friend is more valuable than a relative.
There are more invisible than visible things.
He who rides a borrowed horse, does not ride often.
Don't trust to the whiteness of the turban: the soap was bought on trust.
Death is a black camel, which kneels at every door.
When you visit a blind man, shut your eyes.
Blood is not washed out with blood, but with water.
Although the tongue has no bones, it breaks bones.

ALGERNON SYDNEY, was a man of great courage, great sense, and great parts, which he showed both at his trial and death; for when he came on the scaffold, instead of a speech, he told them only that he had made his peace with God; that he came not thither to talk, but to die; put a paper into the sheriff's hand, and another into a friend's; said one short prayer as a grace, laid down his neck, and bid the executioner do his office.— *Evelyn's Memoirs.*

Kosciusko.—When this brave Pole arrived at Cracow, where the revolution commenced, he made, to the little band of patriots under his command, the following heart-stirring speech: "We are not strong enough in number to be victorious, but we are enough to die with honor in defending our country."

PROFESSOR PORSON.—The author of 'Lacon,' mentions a curious fact with respect to this learned man. After death, his head was dissected, and to the confusion of all craniologists, but to the consolation of all blockheads, it was discovered that he had the thickest skull of any professor in Europe. Professor Gall on being called upon to explain this phenomenon, and to reconcile so tenacious a memory, with so thick a receptacle for it, is said to have replied: "How the ideas got into such a skull, is their business, not mine; I have nothing to do with that; but let them once get in—that is all I want; once in, I will defy them ever to get out again."

CIBBER one day calling on Booth, who he knew was at home—a female domestic denied him. Cibber took no notice of this at the time, but when a few days after, Booth paid him a visit in return, called out from the first floor that he was not at home. "How can that be!" said Booth, "do not I hear your voice?" "To be sure you do," replied Cibber; "but what then? I believed your servant-maid, and it is hard indeed if you won't believe me."

LORD NORBURY having accidentally met Counsellor Spear, who had recently purchased a horse, was asked by his lordship how he approved of the animal.—"Not at all my lord," replied the barrister, "for he trots very high and is very uneasy." "Then," replied the judge; "if you have not yet named him, I would advise you to call him *Shake-speare*."

DR WOLCOTT, (Peter Pinder) being asked, one day, what he thought of modern philosophy, replied, "It is a very convenient thing, and like the green silk curtain before my book-case, conceals many an unfilled place."

MUSICAL ACCURACY.—A gentleman named Mathison, who in the year 1750, was Secretary of Legation to Hamburg, was as he imagined, a composer of no mean talents. This artist's favorite maxim was, that music should always be an echo to the sense of the poetry; and he carried his anxiety to preserve that intimate connection so far, that having once set a song in which the word 'rainbow' occurred, he spent two days in making the notes of his score form an arch at that particular point.

There are minds so impatient of inferiority, that their gratitude is a species of revenge; and they return benefits, not because recompense is a pleasure, but that obligation is a pain.

Of all sorts of affectation, that which is most incurable, is the affectation of wisdom; because the disease is in the remedy itself; and falls upon reason, which only could and ought to cure it, if it were any where else.

Sorrow and calamity are the surest tests of religious principle; and religious principle rises to moral sublimity, when it teaches the suffering individual to breathe its glorious spirit through its own hallowed medium.

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